

# THE LADIES Priviledge.

As it was Acted with good allowance at the Cock-pit in *Drury-lane*,  
And before their Majesties at  
*White-Hall* twice.



By their *MAJESTIES* Servants.

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The AUTHOR *Henry Glapthorne*.

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*Militat omnis amans, et habet sua castra Cupido.*



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By their Majesties Command

The AUTHOR Henry Gifford

Printed by J. Sturges  
at the Sign of the Gun  
in St. Dunstons Church  
Lane London





To the true Example of He-  
roicke Vertue, and Favourer of  
Arts, Sir FREDERICK  
CORNWALLIS.

S I R:

**Y**ou are so well acquainted  
with the Iustice of *Nobility*,  
that your owne *Fame* is  
your owne *History*: you are  
writ in that Sir. Nor need  
I study to expresse it in a larger Chara-  
cter, since it is texted already in a Vo-  
lume, time (which is *Edax rerum*) cannot  
exterminate. Thinke not, worthiest  
Sir, this can in me be flattery; your  
worth admits none: nor dare I sell my  
selfe to such a slavery, as to beginne my  
A 2 service



*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

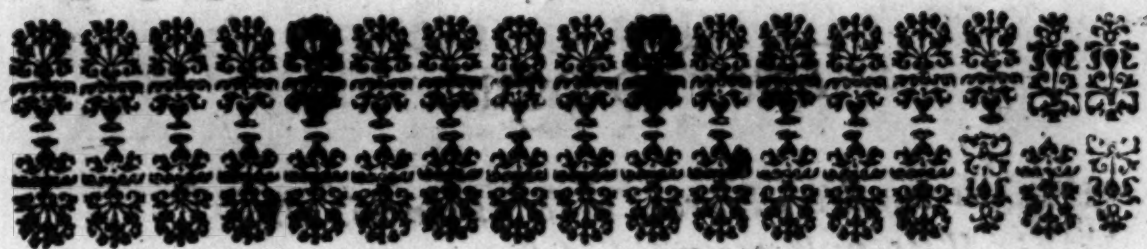
service to You with that unmanly prostitution: You have alwayes afforded me such transcendent favours, that I should descend to ingratitude, should not I study a retribution: which though I cannot reach at, accept Sir, I beseech you, this Essay of gratitude from

*Your most obliged honourer,*

**Hen: Glapthorne.**

*The*





## The Persons.

Trivulci, *Duke of Genoa.*

Doria, *Admirall of Genoa.*

Vitelli, *his Friend.*

Adorni *his Lieutenant.*

Bonivet, *a Kinsman to Trivulci.*

Lactantio, *a Genoese Lord.*

Sabelli, *Page to Doria.*

Frangipan, *nephew to Corimba*

Senators, *Officers of State.*

Chrisea,

} *Nieces to Trivulci.*

Eurione,

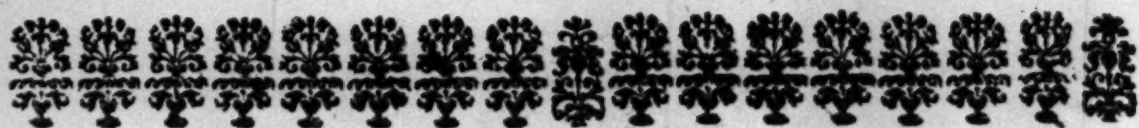
Corimba, *a Court Matron.*

Priest, Executioner, Virgins, Attendants.

\* *The Scene Genoa.*

The

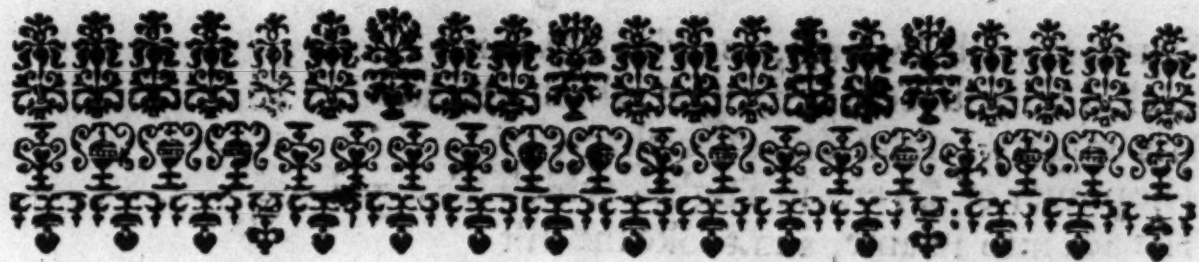




## The Prologue.

**I**s worth my Feares, to see within this place  
Wits most accomplish'd Senate ; tis a grace  
Transcending our desert, tho not our feare,  
Least what our Author writes should not appeare  
Fit for this ludging presence ; all the wayes  
He knowes that lead to the true throne of Playes  
Are rough uneasie pathes, such as to tread  
Would fright an active able Muse ; strike dead  
A weake and timorous travailer : for some  
Will gine the play a pitious Martyrdome  
Ere it hath life ; yet have t'excite that flame,  
Only distrust in the new Authors name.  
Others for shortnesse force the Author run,  
And end his Play before his Plot be done.  
Some in an humorous squemishnesse will say,  
They only come to heare, not see the Play,  
Others to see it only, there have beene,  
And are good store, that come but to be seene :  
Not see nor heare the Play : How shall we then  
Please the so various appetites of men.  
It starts our Authors confidence, who by me  
Tels you thus much t'excuse the Comedy.  
You shall not here be feasted with the sight  
Of anticke shewes ; but Actions, such as might  
And have beene reall, and in such a phrase,  
As men should speake in : Ladies if you praise,  
At least allow his language and his plot,  
Your owne just Priviledge, his Muse hath got  
So full a wreath, that spight of Envies frowne  
Shall in his Brow sit as a lasting Crowne.





# The Ladies Priviledge.

## Act. I. Scena. I.

Enter *Bonivet*, *Laſlantio*, and *Vitelli*.

*Bonivet*.

**I**S the newes certayne he is arriv'd?  
*Vit.* The Duke  
Had ſure intelligence, that the whole Fleet  
Anchor'd laſt night without the Bay: and now  
For confirmation of it, the thick breath  
Of his ſaluting Cannon hangs in Clouds  
Over the Cittadell, and the glad noyſe  
Of the applauding people, gratulate  
His entrance to the River.

*Bon.* The day roſe  
So cheerefully, as if it meant to gild  
With unaccuſtom'd light, his ſayles ſwolne big  
As pregnant mother with the pleaſing ayre  
Of victory.

*Lac.* The rumour of the Fleet  
Has fill'd all *Italy* with wonder, how  
So ſmall a number ſhould in open fight  
Deſeat the Turkiſh Navy; and conclude  
The Generals ſkill and valour, the mayne cauſe  
Of the atchievement.

*Vit.* Hee has return'd as large

Assurance



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

Assurance of his worth, as when his force  
Back'd with successive fortune which attends  
His mighty resolution, over-threw  
The power of *Venice* in a fight; which changed  
The Sea into a flame, and tooke me in't  
His fortunate Captive.

*Ben.* Sir, tis noble in you  
To acknowledge that as good, which might have bin  
Your eminent ruine; stately buildings so  
Rise out of ancient structures which the rage  
Of eating time, or anger of the windes  
Had totter'd from the ground works: you may prove  
As fairely happy in the Generals love,  
As in the honour which your name or Country  
Confer'd on your desert.

*Vit.* You speake the scope  
Of my intention, a perfect friend  
Includes both honour, Country, Family,  
And all that's deare and holy: such a friend  
As is my *Doria*, to whose spacious merit  
Succession shall pay volumes, who was man  
Ere in the smooth field of his face, rough age  
Displayd his hairy Ensigne; who has puld  
Bright honours wreath from her triumphant front  
In battailes when the trembling Sea being calme  
Did croud and thrust its waves into a storme  
To part the dreadfull fury.

*Lac.* The report  
Of his Land services do stand on termes  
Of Competition with the multitude  
Of his Sea Victories.

*Vit.* Yet must subscribe  
To his Navall triumphs: though the Land  
Has seene him Conquerour, when the bodies flayne  
Buried the ground they dy'd on, which did shake  
To view it selfe entomb'd by them, for whom  
It was ordain'd a Sepulchre, the Drums  
Were to his cares delightfull as the Lute:



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

Pikes moving then in Forrest, from d'as gr oves  
Of lofty Cedars stird by sportive winds,  
And when warres Quiresters, the whistling Fife,  
And furly Trumpet sung an army dirge,  
That fatall musicke wraps his brightfull fence,  
Like joviall Hymnes at Nuptialls.

*Bon.* You cannot exceed  
His praises duty, since his worth contains  
Honours most severall attributes.

*Ent. Frangipan.*

*Lac.* Signior *Frangipan*,  
What riding post on foot, whither in such haste?

*Fran.* Very well met gentlemen, I scarce have breath  
To utter a wise word yet.

*Lac.* We doe believe you Signior, and are in doubt  
When you'll have leisure for't.

*Fran.* Heare you the newes,  
The General's arriv'd : farewell, he will not land  
Till I have had the maiden-head of his hand. *Exit.*

*Bon.* Tis such another Parrot, he relates  
Things by tradition, as dogs bark : his newes  
Still marches in the reare, yet he relates it

As confidently, as if each tale he tells,  
As to be straight inserted as an eight

*Ent. Doris, Adorn, &  
Sabelli.*

To the seven former wonders — But here comes one  
Will cut off the Fooles Character : renowned Generall  
Doe us the gracious honour to permit us  
Salute the hand has sav'd our Country.

*Do.* Noblest friends,  
I am more victorious in your carely loves,  
Than in the Turkish Conquest : though I remaine

A Captive to your kindnesse, my *Vitelli*,  
The solid earth, or a continued Rocke,

May by some strange eruptions of the wind,  
Be rent, and so divided ; but true friends

Are adjuncts most inseparable : I have  
Still worne thee here *Vitelli*, as a Jewell

Fit for no other Cabinet : gentlemen  
Your welcome hands me thinks we should embrace.



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

So as ships grapple in hot fight, nor part,  
Till our affectionate fury has discharg'd  
Vollies of joyfull courtesie.

*Ador.* This is fister ceremony for them  
Then to embrace an enemy, who will not part  
On termes so easie; these gentlemen know better  
To cut a Caper, than a Cable, or board a Pinck in the Burdells,  
than a Pinace at sea: I marvaile my Lord should know such  
Milk-sops.

*Vit.* My Lord,  
You come t' instruct us Courtship, as y'ave taught  
Your foes to feare your valour: you appeare  
As if this were your Nuptiall day, on which  
You were to wed bright triumph, but you can  
As well Court peace in filkes, as raging warre  
In burnish'd Steele, and touch the ravishing strings  
With as much cunning industry as if

*Mars* could like *Orpheus* strike the trembling Harp.  
Signior *Adorni* welcome home, I hope  
Y'ave made a richer prize, then when my ship  
Struck to your mercy.

*Ador.* Yes, we are very like  
To make good prize indeed, when all the profit  
Goes to the State and heavy-headed Burgers,  
That lye and snort at home, and eate what we  
Sweat bloody drops for.

*Do.* Honest *Adorni*,  
His bluntnesse must excuse him gentlemen,  
How harsh and rough he seemes, his honour  
Will quickly vary, when I have bin tyr'd  
With toyle of warre; the observations which  
His travailes have afforded him of men,  
Countries, and manners, lively set forth  
By his expressive action, has begot  
Mirth in my drowsie soule: when y'are acquainted  
With his conceit of carriage; you'll not affect  
A jovialler Companion, — See the Duke

*Tri.* My noble warrior,  
Peace now looks lovely on us, since we enjoy

*Flourish. Enter*

*Triualci, Chrisea,*

*Eurione,*

*Corimba.*

The



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

The author of't in safety : rise my *Doria*,  
Let me embrace those youthfull limbes which cloath  
Warre in loves livery : thy honour'd father,  
When he return'd laden with Turkish spoyles,  
As trophies of his valour, from the slaughter  
Of *Haly Bass* at *Lepanto*, where  
The Christian name was hazzarded, arriv'd not  
More welcome to the State ; beleeve me youth,  
Hadst thou a mother living, to be proud  
Of thy Nativity, unlesse she wept  
For joy to see thee, could no way expresse  
A more affectionate gladnesse : *Chrisea*,  
*Eurione* welcome him home, who cannot  
Receive an equall grace to the just value  
Of his deservings.

*Chri.* Your grace prepares us for that,  
We did intend to offer.

*Corin.* Yes truly did wee sir, this Generall is ill-bred, I war-  
rant him, to slight a gentlewoman of my demeanor.

*Dor.* My gracious Lord,  
To tender thanks, where tis a debt, not duty,  
Befits an equall ; subjects ought to offer,  
With the sincere devotion that our Priests  
Doe prayers to Heaven, their hearts as sacrifices  
To their deserving Princes, whose sole favours  
Doe as the quickning lustre of the Sunne  
Cherish inferiour spirits : yours have bin  
Showr'd downe on me as elementall dew  
On the parcht earth, which drinks it up, and cannot  
Give heaven a retribution, yet my duty  
Shall speak my willing thankfulnesse, and while  
These armes can weild victorious Steele, no danger  
Shal fright me from that service which I owe  
My Prince and Country : since men are not borne  
For themselves onely ; but their life's a debt  
To th' Common-wealth that bred 'hem.

*Tri.* Gentle warrior,  
Thy fathers spirit swells thy soule, I reade it



*The Ladies Privilege.*

In thy submissive loyalty, let's in;  
Tis just that those who caus'd the warres to cease,  
Should have the early fruits of their owne peace,  
*Euri. Corimba. and Eurione.*

Have you imploy'd a serious diligence yet  
In giving Lord *Vitelli* secret notice  
Of my affection to him?

*Corim.* Truly Madam,  
And as I hope to have a husband yet  
Ere I be fifty, I have beene so ta'ne up  
About my new device, I scarce have leisure  
To say my prayers sincerely: Ladybird  
You looke not sprightly, ravishing, onely this scar  
Was not well cut, nor well laid on, it wanted  
A little of my learned art: *Vitelli*

Doubt him not Madam, he shall love you so:  
Tis pretty neat now; I would not have a Lady  
That wears a glasse about her, have the least  
Pimple in her countenance discomposed, it does  
Disgallant a whole beauty.

*Eur.* But *Corimba*, what's this to me, thou maist as well tell tales  
Of love to one departing life, these toys  
Relish with me as bitter pills with children,  
Wilt thou effect my burne?

*Cor.* I confesse  
I have beene very fortunate in bringing  
Couples together, though I heare could couple  
My selfe with any, your Ladyship could not  
Have chose a better agent.

*Euri. Francipian.*

*Fran.* Save you sweet Lady, save you, Aunt I have  
Lost all my mornings exercise at Tennis  
In seeking you, and yet was still in hazzard,  
Whether I should meet you; I must request a little  
Helpe from your Art good Aunt, a patch, or two,

To



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

To make me appeare more lovely; for my glasse  
Tells me I have a very scurvy face  
Without some ornament.

*Cori.* Tis a good innocent face, be not asham'd on't;  
Ile cut out one instantly; nay I never  
Goe unprovided of materials let me see,  
What forme is best for thee; that something timorous  
A heart stuck neatly on thy face, will excite  
Thy heart to more audacity, good Madam  
Dost not become him prettily? Cosen be sure  
You doe commend this fashion to all gentlemen,  
Wert but as common among them as Ladies,  
My wit would be eternally made famous  
For the invention.

*Fran.* Wilt please you to dispatch Ant, I'me in hast,  
I've a whole staple of newes to vent.

*Corin.* Of what troe?  
I would have my kind red more ridiculous  
To th' world than I am; Cosen all your newes  
Is stale; invent me rather some choise story,  
How true or false no matter, and declare it  
For newes, twill please farre better, and endear  
Your judgement i'th' relation—

*Enter Doria, Chrisea, Sabellia.*

*Fran.* Noble Generally'are happily encountred:  
Have you seen my Aunt yet Signior; here she is, I have  
Newes to informe you worth your knowledge.

*Dor.* Keep them  
Good Signior till some other time: *Eurione*  
We must implore your absence, we'd be private.

*Cor.* Why we have beene trusted  
With as good fortunes: please your Lordship  
Accept this Crescent, you see my Cosen  
Is in the fashion; let me lay it on,  
Insooth your face is, for a souldiers,  
Too smooth, and polite; this device will thew



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

As't had a skar upon it, which is an Honour  
To faces Military.

*Dor.* Good Madam gravity,  
Keep your devices for your Chamber Lords,  
That dance to Ladies shadowes; pray be gone;  
We need not your society——*Sabelli. Exeunt.*  
Put to the doore, and then be gone——*Chrisea. Exit.*  
The modest Turtles which  
In view of other more lascivious Birds  
Exchange their innocent loves in timerous sighes,  
Do when alone most prittily convert  
Their chirps to billing; and with feather'd armes  
Encompasse mutually their gawdy neckes.

*Chri.* You would inferre that we  
Should in their imitation spend this time  
Intended for a conference which concernes us  
Neerer then Complement.

*Dor.* Why my *Chrisea*,  
We may entwine as freely, since our loves  
Are not at age yet to conceive a sinne,  
Thine being new borne, and mine too young to speake  
A lawlesse passion, for my services  
Pay me with pricelesse treasure of a kisse,  
While from the balmy fountaynes of thy lips  
Distils a moisture precious as the Dew,  
The amorous bounty of the morne  
Casts on the Roses cheeke: what wary distance  
Do you observe? speake, and enrich my cares  
With accents more harmonious then the Larks  
When she sings Hymns to Harvest.

*Chri.* Sure my Lord  
Y'ave studied Complement; I thought the warre  
Had taught men resolution, and not language.

*Dor.* Oh you instruct me justly, I should rather  
Have tane the modest Priviledge of your lip,  
And then endeavor'd to repay the grace  
With my extreamelt eloquence.

*Chri.* You mistake me.

*Dor.*



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

*Dor.* Remit my ignorance, and let me read  
The mystery of thy language in thy lookes,  
In which are lively Characters of love  
Writ in the polish'd tablets of thy cheekes :  
Which seeme to vary colours, like the Clouds  
When they presage a storme ; and those bright eyes  
Dart unaccustom'd beames, which shine as anger  
Flash'd from their fiery motion.

*Chri.* You misconster  
The intention of my lookes, I am not angry  
Though much distemper'd.

*Dor.* At what, by whom ?  
Lives there a creature so extreemly bad  
Dares dis-compose your patience ? speake, reveale  
The monster to me ; were he fenc'd with flames,  
Or lock'd in Bulwarkes of congested yce :  
And all the feinds stood Centinels to guard  
The passage, I would force it to his heart,  
Through which the mounting violence of my rage  
Should peirce like lightning.

*Chri.* I beleeve  
That in some triviall quarrell to redeeme  
My fame, should scandall touch it, you would fight  
Perhaps to shew your valour : But I have  
A taske to enjoyne me, which my feares possesse me,  
You dare not venture to accept.

*Dor.* By truth  
You wrong my faith and courage to suspect me  
Of so extreame a Cowardize : have I stood the heat  
Of Battailles till upon the mountainous piles  
Of slaughter'd Carcasses, the soules which left em  
Seem'd to ascend to Heaven : that your suspicion  
Should taint my honour with this base revolt ?  
This is not noble in you.

*Chri.* Doe not rage,  
When you shall heare it, you will then confesse  
Your confident error.

*Dor.* My loyalty will not

Permit



*The Ladies Privilege.*

Permit that strong rebellion in my breast,  
To doubt the meanest falsehood in a word  
Her voyce can utter, which should charme the world  
To a beliefe, some Cherubim has left  
Its roome in heaven, to carroll to the earth  
Celestiall Anthems, and I now beginne  
To question my owne frailty; but by all  
Which we call good or holy, be't your will  
I should invade inevitable death,  
In its most ugly horrour, my obedience  
Shall like a carelesse Pilot cast this bark  
On that pale rocke of ruine.

*Chri.* Will you sweare this?

*Dor.* Yes, I will.

A forme of oath so binding, that no Law  
Or power can dispense with: and ile seal  
With my best blood: pray Madam tell me what  
The imposition is you judge so easie,  
Will stagger my just truth, that I may flye  
On Loves light wings to act it.

*Chr.* Heare it then, and doe not,  
As you respect your oath, or love, request  
The cause of what I shall command.

*Dor.* Still Suspitions:

My honour be my witnesse, which no action  
Shall violate, I will not.

*Chri.* Enough, that vow  
Cannot but be materiall, receive it,  
I must no longer love you.

*Dor.* That's no command: what did you say *Chrisea*?

*Chr.* I must no longer love you, and command you,  
Leave your affection to me.

*Dor.* Y'are very pleasant Lady.

*Chri.* You'll finde me very serious: nay more,  
I love another, and I doe enjoyne you,  
Since tis a man you may e're rule, to assist me  
In my obtaining him, without whose love  
I'me resolute to perish.

*Dor.*



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

*Dor.* Sure I dreame,  
Or some strange suddaine death has chang'd his frame  
To immortality; for were I flesh  
And should heare this, certaine my violent rage  
Would pull me to some desperate act beyond  
The reach of fury; these are words would infect  
Rose-colour'd patience; Cleere and lovely front  
With loathsome leprosie, change flames to teares  
And with unusuall harshnesse of the sound  
Deafen the genius of the world.

*Chri.* Where's now  
The strength of soule you boasted, does the noyse  
Of the death speaking Cannon, not affright  
Your setled resolution, and the voyce  
Of a weak woman shake your youthfull blood  
Into an ague: since you so ill beare this  
When you shall heare the man, whose love has stolne  
Your interest, you will rage more than unlimited fire;  
In populous Cities.

*Dor.* Sure tis she who speakes:  
I doe enjoy yet sound untainted sence,  
Each faculty does with a peacefull harmony retaine  
Its proper Organ; yet she did rehearse  
She must no longer love me: oh that word transformes  
The soule of quiet into rage,  
Above distracted madnes: madam tell me,  
What place is this? for you have led me  
Into a subtle Labyrinth, where I never  
Shall have fruition of my former freedome,  
But like an humble anchorite, that digs  
With his owne nayles his grave, must live confin'd  
To the sad maze for ever.

*Chri.* Sir you cannot  
By most submissive and continued prayers  
Reclaime my affection, which stands fixt as Fate  
Vpon your friend *Vitelli*.

*Dor.* My friend *Vitelli*?

*Chri.* Sir, I not use



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

To jest my life away : *Virelli* is  
The person, to obtaine whose pretious love  
I doe conjure you by all tyes of honour  
To imploy your utmost diligence.

*Dor.* Can I bee  
So tame o'th' suddaine ? has the feeble spirit  
Of some degenerate Coward frighted hence  
My resolution, which has given a Law  
To fate it selfe, that I must now become  
The stale to my owne ruine : oh *Chrissea*,  
Who wert so good that vertue would have sigh'd  
At the unwelcome spectacle : had you  
Appeard but woman in a passion,  
Though of the slightest consequence : oh doe not  
Abjure that Saint-like temper, it will be  
A change hereafter, burdensome to your soule :  
A sinne to one, who all his life-time blest  
With peace of conscience, at his dying minute  
Falls into mortall enmity with heaven,  
And perishes eternally.

*Chr.* My will guides my determination, and you must  
In honour act your promise.

*Dor.* Yes, I will,  
Since you can urge it thoe, but two  
Things pretious to me, and one cruell word  
Robs me of both ; my friend and her, *Chrissea*,  
I have not left another sigh to move,  
Nor teare to beg your pittie.

*Chri.* They are but vaine,  
You may as easily thinke to kisse the starres,  
'Cause they shine on you, as recall my vowes,  
Which I will urge no further ; but wish you  
Regard your honour : But farewell, I must  
Be cruell e're, to my owne love unjust.

*Dor.* She's gone ; what vapour, which the flattering Sunne  
Attracts to heaven, as to create a starre,  
And throw it a fading meteor to the earth,  
Has faine like me : I am not yet growne ripe



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

For perfect sorrow, but as a bubling brooke,  
That sports and curles within its flowry Bankes,  
Till the vast sea devoure it, onely falling  
Into the abyffe of mischiefe; passions surround  
My intellectuall powers, only my heart,  
Liketo a rocky Island does advance  
Above the fo my violence of the flood,  
Its unmov'd head: love be my carefull guide,  
Who failes 'gainst danger both of wind and tide. *Ex.*

---

*Actus Secundus.*

---

*Enter Bonivet, Lactantio, and Adorni.*

*Bon.* **T**Hanks good *Adorni*, we are much endeer'd  
To your relation, this rich corfick wine  
Erected our dull spirits, and you shall  
Command our service in as high and jocund  
A Nature.

*Ador.* Sir, although I am  
One that affects not the nice phrase of Court,  
Having bin nurs'd in warre, yet I can frame  
My selfe to imitation of what honour  
Shall there, or any where appeare to be,  
Worthy my laughter.

*Bon.* You have explain'd your knowledge, we who breath  
Onely the aire of *Genoa*, and ne're tasted  
Forraigne behaviour, covet nothing more  
Than certaine knowledge of it, as 'tis proper to  
Complexions intellectuall to delight  
In novelties; your Spaniard as you say,  
Is of a staid, serious, and haughty garbe:



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

Acts all his words with shrugs and gestures, kisses  
His hand away in kindnesse; is of dyet  
Sparing, will pick his teeth as formally  
After an Orenge, or a clove of Garlicke,  
which is his ordinary morsell, as he'd fed  
On Partridges or Pheasant.

*Ador.* 'Tis his grace  
After his dinner Sir, and to confirme  
Their most officious gravity, a *Castilian*  
Was for some crime in *Paris* to be whipt  
In triumph through the streetes, and being admonished  
To be more swift of foote, so avoyd  
The dreadfull lash the sooner, in scorne answer'd,  
He rather would be dead alive, than breake  
A Title of his gravity.

*La.* Much good  
Doe it his patient shoulders: but *Adorni*,  
What thinke you of the *French*?

*Ador.* Very ayry people, who participate  
More fire than earth; yet generally good,  
And nobly disposition'd, something inclining  
To over-weening fancy ——— *Ent. Corim.*  
This Lady  
Tells my remembrance of a Comick scene,  
I once saw in their Theatre.

*Bon.* Adde it to  
Your former courtesies, and expresse it.

*Ador.* Your entreaty  
Is a command, if this grave Lady please,  
To act the Lady I must court.

*Cor.* Why doe you thinke  
I cannot play the woman? I have plaid a womans part  
About twenty, twenty yeares agoe in a Court Masque,  
And tho I say't as well as some o' them, & have bin courted too,  
But it is truth, I have a foolish quality as many more women are  
guilty of besides my selfe, I alwayes love them best, which  
slight me most, and scorne those that doe court mee: look you  
Signior, if't be a lovers part you are to act:  
Take a black spot or two, I can furnish you.

'Twil



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

'Twill make your face more amorous, and appeare  
More gracious in your Mistris eyes.

*Ador.* Stand faire Lady.

*Cor.* Tis your part to stand faire sir: doubt not my carriage—  
O most rare man: sincerely, I shall love the *French*  
The better while I live for this, *Ador. Acts furiously.*  
Nay pray sir, gentlemen entreat the man  
To pacifie his wrath, tell him Ile love him,  
Rather than see him rage thus.

*Bon.* He would have just reason to be mad indeed then, but now  
The Moed is alter'd. *Ador. acts unantea.*

*Cor.* Excellently ravishing: this is of force  
To make the hardest hearted Lady love him:  
Can I intreat him but to teach my Cosen  
Some of his French, he will for ever be engallanted —

*- Enter Eurione, and Frangipan.*

*Bon.* Beautious Cosen,  
Y'ave mist the quaintest sport; honest *Adorni*  
You would endear this Lady to you, would you  
Please to rect it.

*Ador.* Nay, if you make me common once, farewell;  
I am not for your company.

*Cor.* Pray sir a word or two; here is a gentleman,  
Nay Nephew, though I say't a toward young man,  
Vouchsafe him your acquaintance.

*Ador.* Will he fight, is he souldier?

*Cor.* No truly sir, nor shall hee bee:  
I would be loath to have my onely Cosen  
Heated about the heart with lead; he's dull  
Enough already: *Frangipan* come hither,  
This gentleman will for my sake teach thee *French*.

*Ador.* For your sake reverent Madam I shall do't:  
Sir please you walke, we will conferre on rudiments.

*Cor.* Come with him Coz: Sir, and you have occasion  
To use me in a pleasure, stands within  
The ability of my performance, pray command,



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

You shall not be deny'd,

*Ador.* Come Signiors, will you walke? *Ex.*

*Eur.* Cosen Bonivet,

I should be glad, after some minutes, to  
Enjoy your Company.

*Bon.* I shall attend your Ladyship,

*Eur.* *Corimba* what answer from *Virelli* do I live?

Or in the killing rigour of his scorne  
Must I dye wretched.

*Cor.* Sincerely Madam,

You are too timorous of your owne deserts,  
Or else you durst not doubt, that he, of any  
You being so neat your selfe, and drest as neatly  
As any Lady in the Court, should hazzard  
The reputation of his wit, by slighting  
Such an accomplish'd beauty.

*Eur.* You talke,

And play the cunning flatterer, to excuse  
Your negligence; but know affections fire  
Once kindled by desire, and blowne by thought  
Into a heat, expires a thousand sighes,  
Which as loves smoak, like incense flies to heaven,  
While the light fire with nimble wings doe soare  
To its owne spheare, true lovers hearts who cherish  
The flame, till they to ashes burne, and perish.

*Cor.* Why Ladybird, are you so passionate, the gentleman  
Is a kind gentleman, has all that may  
Set forth a man; for when I told him how  
Like a hurt Deare you wounded were with love,  
Life how he leapt for joy, as if the selfe  
Same arrow which struck you, had glanc'd on him,  
And as a token of his love, hee sent you  
A bleeding heart in a Cornelion, which  
Besheew me, most unfortunately I lost.

*Enter Chrisca.*

*Chri.* *Corimba* see

If Generall *Doria* be within—*Eurione*

*Ex. Cor.*

I have



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

I have beene seeking thee, how dost thou sister?  
I must demand a question that concernes  
The safety of your fame.

*Eur.* I rest

Secure in mine owne innocence, and no malice  
Can forge an accusation which can blemish  
My meanest thought with scandall.

*Chri.* I beleeve, but know *Eur.* I am enform'd  
You doe affect *Vitelli*, and conjure you  
By the deare memory of our mother, tell me  
If the report be certaine.

*Eur.* Should I deny't,  
My love would muster thousand blushes up  
To invade my guilty Checks, I must confesse  
I love him so, as modesty and truth  
Afford me warrant.

*Chri.* Tis ill done, and childishly so easily to impart  
The treasure of your liberty, to keeping  
Of a neglected stranger.

*Eur.* His owne worth  
Deserves as noble knowledge here, as many  
Who borrow titular glory from the dust  
Of their forgotten Ancestours.

*Chri.* You defend him  
Like a brave Championesse, as if you meant,  
T'ingage your dearest pawne of life and honour  
In his protection.

*Eur.* Say I did, the even't,  
Though most strict justice would allow as lawfull  
My honourable purpose.

*Chri.* Fie, you are lead on too wildly by your fancy sister,  
It ill befits the greatnesse of your blood  
To seeke to mixe its pure streame with a poore  
Regardlesse River.

*Eur.* He appears to me  
Broad in his owne dimensions as the sea,  
Cleare as a brooke, whose Christall lips salute  
Onely the freshest medowes: such a Creature

That



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

That were some cunning painter to expresse  
An Angell cloath'd in humane shape, he might  
From his derive a patterne.

*Chri.* But suppose my fancy  
Should over-sway my judgement, to affect  
*Vitelli*; sure your manners would allow me,  
By willing resignation of your choyce,  
The priviledge of my birth-right.

*Eur.* Would you urge  
A claime so justly mine, because you view'd  
The light two yeares before me : no *Chrisen*.  
Love's an unlimited passion, that admits  
No Ceremonious difference : this prerogative  
Should *Queenes* endeavour, their unvalued Dowries  
Are not of worth to purchase : and tho here  
As it befits me, I observe the distance  
Due to your birth ; yet in loves sacred Court,  
My place is high as yours, and there we may  
Walke hand in hand together.

*Chri.* Doe not flatter  
Your fancy with this vaine conceite : *Vitelli*  
Must be no more yours ; Know I have enjoyn'd  
The Generall *Doria* to engage his friend,  
To imbrace my proffer'd love to him.

*Eur.* You strive,  
Because you thinke my young and timerous flame  
Unapt t'incounter brave *Vitellis* heat;  
As cunning Nurses doe with froward Babes,  
Fright them into an appetite : but say  
All this were reall, thinke you *Doria* would  
So easily be perswaded to renounce  
His proper interest, and inthrall his friend  
To an unwilling slavery?

*Chri.* By truth he has impawn'd his honour to endeavor  
What I have utter'd, gentle Girle consider  
Loves unresisted violence, and beleve  
I would not have a rivall to usurpe  
A corner in the Kingdome of that heart



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

Of which i'me soveraigne, so farewell deere soule,  
Consider ont. *Exit.*

*Eur.* Consider ont, why this is such an act,  
Done by a cruell sister, as shall taint  
That holy name with such a blacke reproach  
That should a thousand pious Virgins weepe,  
Rivers of teares, their most immaculate drops  
Would not wash white her scandall haplesse girle,  
That in loves tempests wert but lately tost;  
And now recoverd in a calme art lost, — *Enter Laſtantis.*

*Laſt.* Madam the Duke intreats your instant company.

*Eur.* I shall attend his pleasure, good *Laſtantis.*  
If you can meet n.y Cosen *Bonivet,*  
Desire him visite me. *Exit.* *Enter Doria.*

*Dor.* Noble *Laſtantis,*  
Y'are happily encounterd, I expected  
My friend *Vitelli* here, this is his houre,  
I wonder he is tardie.  
*Laſt.* Your Lordship prevents the time with speed, or else *Vitelli*  
Has some impediment by businesse, sir. *Enter Vitelli.*  
Y'are opportunely welcome to deliver  
Your owne excuse, I was about to stretch  
My invention for you.

*Vit.* Noble friend, your enemy had you ingagd your faith  
To any personall meeting could expect you;  
But at the minute, reason may dispense  
Twixt us with such a nicety.

*Laſt.* Now your friends  
Arriv'd, I must beg licence to depart,  
I have some vrgent businesse.

*Dor.* Good *Laſtantis* your time's your owne.

*Laſt.* I kisse your Lordships hand. *Exit.*

*Vit.* Friend now wee're alone, I safely may  
Speake my conjecture, I have read your lookes,  
And in their pensive Characters finde secret,  
Strange signes of sadnesse.

*Dor.* I am sad indeed,  
When my remembrance tells me I have only



*The Ladies priviledge.*

Verball assurance of your friendship.

*Vit.* Try me by any attempt, whose danger does surpasse  
The common path of daring, beet to snatch,  
A fiery boult when it from heaven comes wrap'd  
In sheetes of lightning to afford true prooffe  
Of my affection, and with eager haste,  
Such as inspires a husband to enjoy  
His spouses virgine purity, ile runne  
To the atchievement.

*Dor.* These are but protests; such as be got by ceremony, proceed  
Not from intensive zeale, yet ile experience  
The truth of your affection by a triall  
Of such a noble and effective weight,  
Which if you bravely doe support, you'l stand  
As some tall Pyramid or Columne for  
Your owne memoriall to tell after-times  
The power and strength of friendship.

*Vit.* Pray nam't, and 'twere a burden would orepresse the earth,  
Ile be the able *Atlas* to sustaine  
Heaven on my willing shoulders.

*Dor.* There is a Lady in whose each eye sits fire, & on her cheek  
Victorious beauty captive to her smiles  
Dances in lovely triumph, one who emblemes  
The glory of mortality in each looke,  
Contractsthe orbe of lusture to a glance,  
Brandishes beames, whose purity dispence,  
Light more immaculate then the gorgeous east,  
Weares when the prostrate *Indian* does adore  
Its rising brightnesse, yet this wonder doates  
On you with such inevitable fervor  
That I in pittie of her sufferings come  
T'intreate you love her.

*Vit.* Whom my Lord?

*Dor.* You cannot appeare so strangely stupid not to acknow-  
Creations miracle, when I point out (ledge  
Her very figure you as well may seeme,  
When the bleake North does with congealing blasts  
Binde up the crilling streames in chaines of Ice,

Not



*The Ladies Priviledge:*

Not to know Winter, ignorant of her  
Who had she liv'd when superstitious mists  
Shaded the world, more groves of gammes had fam'd,  
T'her Divinest beauty, then to all  
The race of idle deities: tis *Chrissea*,  
The faire *Chrissea* loves you.

*Vit.* The faire *Chrissea*, your Lordship's merry.

*Dor.* Doe you slight  
What I deliver'd with that unfain'd zeale,  
That penitents doe their prayers, I say, *Chrissea*,  
A name whose every accent sweetlier sounds,  
Then quires of *Syrens* sence bereaving notes,  
*Chrissea* loves you infinitely above  
Expressive termes; the Orators shoud strive  
To paint her masculine fancy, and i'me bound  
To pay this homage to her best content,  
As to conjure you, by all sacred ties  
Of honour, amity, and what else may serve  
To inforce the indeerement with your noblest love  
To gratifie her fancy. *Vit.* No perswasion  
Can make me thinke this serious, good my Lord,  
Doe not you love *Chrissea*?

*Dor.* More then a babe does the kind Nurse that feedes it with  
More then I doe my quiet, or the joyes (her blood,  
Of ought but blest eternity; *Vitelli*,  
No other argument can more convince,  
Suspition should it doubt my love: but this  
That to procure her peace, I have confinde  
The greatnesse of my passion, and give up  
To thy dispose, a Jewell which the earth  
And sea should both unlade their hidden wealth,  
Should not have purchas'd from me.

*Vit.* These are arts to puelle my conceits, my Lord  
I'me no such punie in the Craft of love,  
That I want braine to finde this drift, which is  
As obvious to me as your eyes: now you  
Are home return'd victorious, big with praise,  
Laden with titles that sit heavier on you



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

Then your Steele Corset in hot fight contemne,  
Affinity with me, to whom y'ave heard  
the faire *Eurione* has resign'd her heart,  
And by this circumvention should I court  
At your entreats her sister might pretend  
A righteous cause, for an unjust revolt,  
For were it otherwise, your temper could not  
Brooke your *Chriseas* change without a start  
Into a sudden fury.

*Dor.* This language I understand not, by my honour friend,  
This iteration may disperse your doubt,  
I doe agen conjure you by all right  
Friendship can challenge in you to affect  
*Chrisea* nobly; shall I have your answer?

*Vit.* Nay then my Lord, since you are serious, freely I resume  
The priviledge of my liberty; this body  
I doe confesse your captive, and t'has suffered  
an honourable thraldome, but my minde  
Remaines unbounded as the ayre or fire,  
Are from their spheres, *Eurione* has wone  
By the subduing valor of her lookes,  
That in a field of fancy, not of blood,  
And ere another shall usurpe her right,  
In the defence ile dye her willing martyr.

*Dor.* I judg'd what serious value  
your boasted friendship would retaine ith test,  
Draw your bright weapon, know that I doe hate  
Basenesse as much as cowardice: and since  
You slight a Lady for whose pricelesse love  
Kings might resigne their Crownes, and humbly fall  
Like bare foot pilgrimes prostrate at the shrine  
Of such a beauty, sure if in this sword,  
Death has a residence your life shall finde it,  
And not survive to boast the crue I triumph of her refusall.

*Vit.* Sir your sword cannot excite a trembling in my blood,  
The glistering splendour cherishes my sight,  
Like polish'd Chrystall, henceforth name offriend  
Be no more known betwixt us then a dreame.

Thus



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

Thus I expire it, I may now regaine  
My honour forfeited in the Generall cause  
By this particular Combate. (not

*Dor.* Should my fate yield me the conquest, yet his death would  
Beget *Chriseas* quiet, but augment  
Her griefe and hate against me : stay, forbear,  
I feele a pallsie in my veines, and cannot  
Manage this little instrument of death,  
My sinewes put on infancy agen  
And have no vigor in them, oh *Vitelli*,  
I am so full of passion, I have scarce  
Roome left to vent a sigh, a mine of lead  
Hangs on my heart, and with its weight has crack'd  
The feeble courage.

*Vit.* Noble soule, his griefe  
Workes more compunction in me, than his sword  
Did suddaine anger ; could I grant what you  
Request, no brand-markt slave should fulfill  
Sooner his Masters most severe command,  
Than I would yours ; but this abrogates all lawes  
Of friendships duty : if y'ave vowd this act,  
You may as safely disanull the Oath,  
As should you in some desperate fury sweare  
To be your fathers murtherer.

*Dor.* Bid me first renounce  
My allegiance to my honour, sell my faith  
I owe my Native Country : my *Vitelli*  
I feele an humour in my braine, which strives  
For passage at mine eyes, wilt see me weepe ?  
Consider friend, denying my request  
Thou dost undoe a Lady, who may claime  
The priviledge of all hearts : depriv't the world  
Of such a jemme, that should old nature strive  
To frame her second, it would quite exhaust  
Her glorious treasury, then in her ruine :  
My life and honour's forfeited, think this,  
And were thy heart obdurate as a rocke  
Of Adamant, this thought joyn'd with my teares



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

Would sooner than the blood of Goats dissolve it  
To gentle softnesse.

*Vit.* Your eyes are moving advocates, they speake  
Such an o're-flowing Language, that my love  
Then in its owne cause a most partiall Judge,  
Allows my mercy freedome to pronounce  
Sentence on your side : you have prevail'd,  
Ile serve *Chrisea*, as her pleasure shall  
Dispose my will and fortune.

*Dor.* I beginne to feele my spirits quicken, and my blood  
Receive its noble temper; deare *Vitelli*,  
Thy noblenesse does prompt thee to an act  
Shall write thy friendship higher in the lists  
Of sacred amity, than mothers loves.  
Goe to my best *Chrisea*, she expects  
To know by thee the truth of my successe,  
Tell her I am more happy in her blisse,  
Than if I had enjoy'd her constant love :  
So leave me love, I may perhaps transgresse  
Man-hood agen, and shouldst thou see me weepe  
Twice, thou wouldst judge my former flood of teares  
A feigned passion.

*Vit.* Your Genius guard you; thus I apply  
Balme to his wounds, while I doe bleeding dye,

*Ex.*

*Enter Bonivet.*

*Bon.* Noble Generall, I come to gratulate the happy choyse  
Y've made in faire *Chrisea*; she's a Lady,  
That though she were a stranger to my blood,  
My judgement would allow as rich a vertue  
As ever glorifi'd the sexe.

*Dor.* 'Twould be a sacrilegious errour not to admit  
Your Character for truth, but in our loves  
A thousand hidden causes doe produce  
Alternate changes, my returne has settled  
My thoughts on new resolves, and I must suite  
My affections to them.

*Bon.*



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

*Bon.* How? perhaps because  
You are return'd triumphant with your bayes,  
Growing upon your brow, you doe reject  
The love before you su'd for, tis not noble  
So to abase a Lady, whose bright fame,  
Although untainted as a Chrifall rocke,  
Must paffe a popular censure, if you, who  
Did with fuch earnestneffe pretend her match  
Should on the fuddaine fcorne it.

*Dor.* I'me not bound  
To give you reasons why; but know my mind,  
Which your contefting cannot alter's fixt  
On what I have related.

*Bon.* I must then tell you  
You doe defame the opinion of that worth  
The world does credit in you: this affront,  
Should all her other friends fit idle gazers  
On her difgrace, should stirre me to attempt  
An ample fatisfaction from your heart,  
Though you had multitudes of greater glories  
Heap'd on your head, or were defenc'd with legions  
To affright me from the adventure.

*Dor.* Sir, your courage is jufter than your quarrell, doe you think  
I weare a sword onely for ornament;  
And though our yeares declare us equals, yet  
My education was i'th' trade of warre.  
Tis my profession to infranchise foules  
From prisons of their flesh, and would be loath  
Cause you have interest in *Chriseas* blood,  
Your passion should betray you to the fury  
Of my incens'd wrath.

*Bon.* All discourse is tedious to me, fure the world's abus'd  
With report of your valour, men who commit  
Affronts they dare not answer, use excuse  
In moderation of them, I expected  
I should have met an adversary of you,  
Of temper hot as lightning, and as bold  
As Lyons vext with hunger, and I finde you

A tame



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

A tame dege nerate Coward:

*Dor.* All respect of love and pittie hence: *fight.*  
Beare up, my Steele  
Has prickt your breast; I would not have you dye  
*Chriseas* Martyr.

*Bon.* I've puld untimely ruine on mee; I'me hurt,  
I feare to mortall danger: Noble Generall,  
See me conducted to *Last anies* house,  
There I shall get a Surgeon.

*Dor.* Noble young man,  
Muster thy strongest spirits up: I am one  
Of Fortunes pastimes; yesterday return'd,  
Advanc'd to heaven by the peoples breath,  
To day hurl'd downe into the abyss'e of death. *Ex.*

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*Actus Tertius.*

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*Enter Chrisea, and Corimba.*

*Chri.* **C**Ame none yet from the Generall?

*Cor.* No insooth Madam; I protest your sister  
If she continue in these suddaine fits,  
Will so undoe her face, that all my art  
Can never rectifit; shee weepes, as if  
She might as easily be supply'd with eyes  
As with new dressings, ile be sworne, I tooke  
As hearty paines to cut a handsome heart;  
And though I say't it was a pretty one  
As e're was made of Taffaty, to grace her Check,  
And never trust me if I lye to you,  
Her teares has wash'd her heart away.

*Chr.* Th'art still

*In*



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

In these impertinent discourses : what's the cause  
My sister is so prodigall of her grieffe,  
To let thee see her vent it ?

*Cor.* Why Madam, I have scene a Lady weepe,  
Besides your sister, and have wept my selfe too,  
I never shall forget the time; I could  
Een cry agen to thinke on't; twas at the death  
Of your fine little Jewell : never Lady  
Nurst such a dainty puppy, but hee's gone,  
And farewell he; I will not give a rush  
For any woman cannot use her eyes  
With as much liberty as her tongue, these fooles,  
These loving Ideots men for three forc'd drops  
Will mollifie like wax, and be made apt  
For any impression.

*Enter Vitelli.*

*Chr. Vitelli* you are wellcome, I suppose  
Your businesse has been urgent, we expected  
Your presence sooner, howsoever now  
Tis grateful hither.

*Cor.* My young Lady shall  
Have notice of's arrivall, perhaps his sight  
Will cheere her drooping spirits. *Ex.*

*Vit.* Madam, my friend  
The Generall, does by me tender his best  
and truest service to you, he has sent me  
Prompt, to fulfill the nicest poynt of duty  
Your pleasure casts upon me.

*Chri.* Sir, the Generall is so just in his proceeding, I must ever  
Esteeme him truly Noble, though I should  
Banish him my affection.

*Vit.* I could wish  
The sweetnesse of your vertue would vouchsafe  
To lay a reclamation of your love :  
Had you but scene with what ambitious haste,  
With what extreame perswasions he endeavour'd



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

The satisfaction of your will, you could not  
Fancy a change from one so worthy.

*Chri.* No? not to enjoy your selfe?

*Vit.* Me Madam;

No equall eye can parallell my poore  
Regardlesse merit, with the glorious worth  
Which does as farre transcend mine in desert;  
As't does in eminence of fortune.

*Chri.* Sir your modesty

Extenuates your owne worthinesse, to bestow  
A large addition on your friends, my judgement  
Has ballanc'd both, and has concluded which  
Ought to be held most noble, I doe honour  
True constancy in men, pray tell me sir,  
For it concernes me neerely, did you ever  
Fervently love my sister?

*Vit.* To include,

(All strength of humane zeale) as *Doria* does adore:  
Your excellent beauty, with a heat  
Holy as soules in deepest fancy  
Their fainted fellowes.

*Chri.* And can you extinguish

So great a flame so easily, can entreaties,  
So soone subdue your temper? if your truth  
Be of this wavering quality, how shall I  
Receive assurance of it?

*Vit.* The vow

I made, my friend secures it, thinke not Madam  
That both my parents with perswasive prayers,  
Could have enforc'd me violate my faith  
To faire *Eurione*, but when my friend,  
My honor'd friend to whom I owe my life,  
As tenant to his, bounty did in teares,  
A souldiers teares whose every drop prevailes  
More then a captive princeesse, plead the losse  
Of his owne life, my gratitude did vanquish  
Passion, and forc'd me tear even from my soule  
*Euriones* affection.

*Chri.*



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

*Chri.* You are just  
In your determination.

*Vit.* Bless me friendship,  
And with thy white wings overshade my heart,  
Or here descends a Saint will dispossesse thee  
Of the accustom'd shrine, a barge enclos'd,  
Twixt two encountring tides is not more tost  
Then I twixt striving passions, while a friend,  
I cannot be a lover.

*Eur.* Vitelli am I in your opinion lost? my sister  
Relates so sad a wonder, that if truth,  
I am undone for ever.

*Vit.* Harke she speaks too,  
A tempting language; such was our first mothers voyce,  
While she was innocent, deere Ladies would  
I could divide my selfe, for being one,  
I cannot on the Theater of my minde,  
Act both a friend and lover, that two names  
Of so intire affinity should occasion  
So manifest a diffension, in a soule:  
That would be true, yet is inforc'd, though loath,  
To forfeit one, or to be false to both.

*Chri.* My expectation did not  
Sage this softnesse in you, I had thought  
You had come furnish'd with a full resolve  
To act your friends request.

*Vit.* Yet I must needs  
Speake in a cause so moving; Madam thinke  
How much more noble tis in you to save,  
Then to destroy; behold three bleeding hearts  
Imploring pittie from you, mine, your sisters,  
And your adorer *Dorias*, which one word  
Of yours would ransom from approaching death,  
Oh be not sparing of that breath, 'twill sound  
In the just eares of heaven more sweet then prayers  
Offerd by Cloyster'd virgins, of resume  
Your native charity, and fulfill my suite,  
And in requitall of that sacred grant.



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

Time shall depend like summer on your brow,  
And your whole life be one continued youth.  
Such were the springs in Paradise, and when  
You passe to be a sharer in heavens blisse,  
Virgins and innocent lovers spotlesse teares,  
Hardned to pearle by the stronge heart of sighes,  
Shall be your monument.

*Chr.* This whole discourse  
Should you enlarge it to a volumne, cannot  
Alter my meanest thought, I only with you  
As you are noble to respect your honour;  
That's all my answer.

*Exit.*

*Eur.* But doe you meane  
*Vitelli*, to performe what *Doria* has enjoyn'd you.

*Vit.* I shall melt  
Into a willing pittie, if the flame  
Of friendship did not with its effectuall heat,  
Dry up loves moysture: deere Madam he  
That has commanded me this deathfull taske,  
Claimes such a lawfull Interest in my life,  
That spight of my affection, I must yield  
To his resistlesse will: yet I will love you  
So far as honour gives me warrant, and  
With you the best of women, the best joyes  
Happinesse can impart to you, farewell,  
'Tis a besitting gratitude to give  
That life a being; by whose guift I live.

*Exit.*

*Eur.* sorrowes flow high; griefe unto griefe succeed;  
Wounds are more dangerous which doe inward bleed.

*Exit.*

*Enter Adorni, and Frangipan.*

*Ador.* Come let not this dishearten you, your French  
Is a thing easily gotten, and when you have it,  
As hard to shake it off, runnes in your blood,  
As 'twere your mother language, but there is  
An observation farre more necessary  
T'improve your judgement, still let your discourse

Concerne



*The Ladies Priviledge.* Act I

Concerns the forraigne businesse, and be shure  
To applaud out-landish fashions, and take off from  
What is native, as if you shall heare  
Any commend the *Genoa* garbe, or state  
Answer in *France*, in *Naples*, or in *Spain*,  
No Matter where, so it be farre enough:  
From hence, they are more politicke, more witty,  
Every way more deserving, this will speake  
Infinitely judicious, when to praise  
Our owne domestick manners, is as if  
A man should praise himselfe, and be accounted  
A selfe conceited gul for't.

*Fran.* Very good, this is a rule I le put in practice I,  
Thanks to my inclination can speake ill  
Of my owne father signior.

*Ador.* Signior; still you betray your ignorance, why signior,  
Mounsiuer has a farre more airy and harmonious sound,  
There's musicke in the letters, still polish your phrase  
With particles of language, which till I've taught you  
Perfectly answer with a shrug or nod,  
Or any forraigne gesture, such a silence  
Will be esteem'd for gravity, and become you better  
Then volubility of speech does some  
Whose tongues are gentlemen ushers to their wits,  
Still going before it, and when you doe speake,  
Let it not be, as now you doe of newes  
Abroach ten daies before, and quite drunke of;  
But what affaires are acted then in *France*,  
What in the English Court, and still remember  
T'extoll 'hem infinitely, and if any answer  
Comparatively with our owne a serious laughter,  
Will not become you ill, to shew how much  
You slight their error.

*Fran.* Better still, I like this slighting humour infinitely, but  
If they should talke of our *Italian* dames, (how  
I'm bound to be their Champion, for I've heard  
Strangers report, and I hold their opinion,  
Our Curtezans excell all other Nations.



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

*Ador.* That shew'd those strangers judgements, and confirm'd  
What I would have you understand in *England*,  
Where publicke houses are prohibited:  
There are the bravest Lasses, here some *Donsella*  
That was the last night yours, shall for two *Ducats*  
To morrow be a Sayers: when there  
Your Citizens wives, girls fresh as ayre, and wholesome  
As pretious *Candy wives* will meet their Gamsters,  
At a convenient Taverne, rob their husbands,  
Without a scruple, and supply their friends,  
While the good innocent Cuckolds pay a price  
For their owne horning.

*Fran.* Excellent, excellent  
*Genoa*, I doe desie thy cosliver girls,  
Ile henceforth love these English sparkes of gold:  
Would I were there: it should goe hard but I  
Would graft on their Aldermens Coxcombs.

*Ador.* Th'are grafted fast already sir, besides  
They ne're get Children, but their Hench boyes on  
Their Sergeants wives, after some City feast,  
When the provoking spirit of White broath, and  
Custard enflames their blood: what *Genoa* Burgesse  
Dares be so boldly courag'd: Ile tell you,  
And marke how base and fordid it appeares  
To have our Cellers stuff'd with Corlike Wines:  
Yet for this foolish sinne call'd Temperance,  
Tantalize, and nere taste it, while your Dutch,  
Your noble-spirited German will carrouse  
A score of Goblets to provoke this stomacke  
To's bread and Butter; doe nothing but by discrete  
Counsell of drinke, not snatch his daughter to  
A man he sees not drunke first, scarce say's prayers  
Till he be full of liquor, which enflames  
The minde to generous actions.

*Fran.* Commend 'hem, and will be glad to imitate.

*Ador.* Your English  
Deserves as large applause, who to say truth,  
Out-drinks the Dutch, as is the common proverb,



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

The Dutch-man drinks his buttons off, the English  
Doublet and all away, then make their carriage;  
If two fall out and strike, and be by company  
Parted; though one weares in his face the badge  
Of his dishonour, which excites him to  
As brave revenge, not daunts him: for he'll straight  
Call out his enemy to a single Duell,  
Scorning his life; concerning the Lands lawes,  
Which doe forbid those combats, and ne're part  
Till one be slaine, and the survivour sure  
As death to hang for t.

*Fran.* Excellent, I love a man that cares not for hanging.

*Ador.* Then to their further glory, which takes off  
All the disgrace of halter, they are sure  
Ere they be scarce cold, to be Chronicled  
In excellent new Ballads, which being sung  
Ith' streets 'mong boyes and girles, Colliers, and Carmen,  
Are bought as great memorialls of their fames,  
Which to perpetuate, they are commonly stuck up  
With as great triumph in the tipling houses,  
As they were scutchions.

*Fran.* Better: yet I'de give  
A hundred Ducats to be chronicled  
In such a historicall Canto: who composes them?

*Ador.* They have their speciall Poets for that purpos  
Such as still drinke small Beere, and so are apt  
To spit out lamentable stuffe: then for their cloathes  
They hate a cut domesticke, but imitate  
The French precisely gallants, weare their long  
Parisian Breeches, with five poynts at knees,  
Whose tagges concurring with their harmonious spurres  
Afford rare musicke: then have they Doublets  
So short ith' waste, they seeme as 'twere begot  
Vpon their Doublets by their Cloakes, which to save stuffe  
Are but a yeares growth longer than their skirts;  
And all this magazine of device is furnish'd  
By your French Tayler: what Country man is yours?

*Fran.* A Genoeise.

*Ador.*



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

*Ador.* Fie, change him Monsieur,  
You have heard a Spanish Count's  
Lately arriv'd, without any advice, how'd you salute him?

*Fran.* Thus sir, after our Italian fashion.

*Ador.* That's too vulgar;  
You must accost him thus with a state face,  
As if your beard had beene turn'd up that morning  
By advice of all the Barbers in the City,  
As you had drest you in a Looking-glasse,  
Proper to none but the Dukes privy Counsellors:  
Pronounce your *Besolos manas* with a grace,  
As if you were the sonne and heire, apparant  
To th' Adelantado of Castile.

*Enter Lactancio.*

*Lact.* *Adorn,* this is no time for mirth,  
Your noble General has slain Lord *Bonivet*,  
And for the act is a prisoner.

*Ador.* Dares the state bereave him of his liberty,  
Without whose most unwearied valour,  
It had beene betray'd to slavery?

*Lac.* You know Lord *Bonivets* alliance to the Duke.

*Ador.* Alliance, death a thousand *Bonivets*,  
And Dukes and States, weigh not  
A scruple poys'd with his full worth.

*Lac.* He's to be tryed ith' morning without noyse,  
For feare of mutiny, and tis suppos'd  
That if some virgin Lady doe not claime  
Her priviledge, and begge his life, he'll suffer.

*Fran.* If the maid that begges must be above fifteene,  
Tis shrewdly doubted where she'll be found.

*Ador.* All our virgins ought, if they have vertue, to contend  
For such a glory; but if all be squeamish,  
May all the daughters of our best Burgers runne  
Away with souldiers, and become Sutlers wives.

*Fran.* Or else when they have a masculine itch upon 'hem,  
And would taste man, may they be wed to Eunuchs.

*Lact.*



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

*Last.* else be forc'd to keepe their maiden-heads  
Till they be musty and not marchantable  
To younger brothers with additions of wealthy portions.

*Fran.* May they when they would strive to mend their faces  
to allure a suitor, want paint and blacke-patches to stoppe the  
Crannies of their Cheekes; may their Pomatum bee mixt with  
Hogs-grease, that they may be abominable even in the nose of  
Iewes: may the green-sicknesse raigne in their bloods, and may  
they be debar'd of oate-meale, and clay-wall, and fall to Rats-  
bauc.

*Ador.* May their parents turne most precise precisians,  
And forbid em the sight of playes, or they may never  
Dance unlesse be to a bag-pipe or a Crowd.

*Fran.* May they want silkes for gownes, and if they seeke  
Supply from *Naples*, let them instead, be furnish'd  
With their Disease; may Millaners breake and Feather-men,  
May my Aunt dye suddenly, and bury with her  
All her devises; may there be no Earth  
Found to make looking-glasses, that they come to use of  
Kitchen-wenchs, dresse their heads by the reflexion of a  
Paile of water, or in a pewter chamber vessell.

*Ador. Lactantio*, let's go wayte the Generall  
In prison, 'twould be base should we neglect him in  
His extremity.

*Exeunt.*

Enter *Doria*, and *Sabelli*.

*Dor.* Is it confirm'd hee's dead?

*Sab.* The generall voyce  
Divulges so it; City; and the Duke  
Has sent an order which commands you forth  
I'th morning to your tryall: my deare Lord  
I hope the service you have done the State  
Abroad, will here at home secure your life  
From the Lawes violent Rigour.

*Dor.* Yes poore boy,  
If thou mightst be thy masters judge *Sabelli*,  
I am at the period of my fate, and would not  
Have thee a sad spectator of my fall  
At home, whom thou so oft hast waited on

F

Abroad



*The Ladies priviledge.*

Abroad in triumph, therefore gentle heart,  
Returne home to thy mother, and survive  
To serve a happier master.

*Sab.* My noble Lord  
Have I so often followed you, when death  
Attended on each step, when every hurt  
That scar'd your noble body, I have wish'd  
Imprinted on my flesh, and with my teares,  
Even drown'd the purple deluge of your wounds,  
That as my truth and loyalties reward,  
I must be turn'd away unkindly, when  
My last and justest service might declare  
My zeale to you my master; Oh sir,  
You more afflict my innocence with these words,  
Then if sad truth had brought me the report  
Of my owne mothers funerall, and should you  
Enforce me leave you, the succeeding care,  
And labour of my life should be consum'd  
In a perpetuall weeping.

*Dor.* Good Sabelli  
Cease this afflicting language, lest I grow as  
Childish as thy selfe, and burst into teares  
To beare thee company.

*Sab.* Besides my Lord,  
When your blest soule does on immortall wings  
Arrive at heaven who shall attend it there, the  
Saints and Angels will esteeme themselves  
Worthy to be your fellowes, while my poore  
And humble Ghost would reckon it a blisse  
To waite on you, as carefully as when  
We liv'd on earth together, deere my Lord,  
Let me dy with you, death and I have beene  
Play-fellowes these many yeares, he'll only bring me  
To rest as pleasing to my sence as sleepe  
After a tedious watching.

*Dor.* This kinde passion shakes my  
Most masculine temper; heere *Sabelli*  
Accept this Gold, these Jewells, as the last



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

Gift of thy perishing Lord, thou shalt accept 'em;  
If the law doe not passe upon my life,  
Ile send for thee agen, I prethee leave me,  
I would be private, and thy presence does  
Disturbe my serious thoughts.

*Sab.* Nay then tis time for  
Me the wretched 'st soule on earth to take  
My lasting farewell of you; all the joyes  
Of blest eternity in stead of my  
Desertlesse service; waite upon your life;  
You ne're shall view your boy agen, for sure if your  
Light be extinguish'd, my weake flame  
Cannot continue burning; give me licence  
To kisse your honour'd hand, and to let fall  
A parting drop or two: and now farewell  
For ever noble Lord; that greefe appears most true,  
That's writ in blood as well as teares. *Exit.*

*Dor.* Poore boy; I have not yet deserv'd so ill  
But my untimely fate excites some pittie.

*Enter Adorni,  
Lactantio, and  
Frangipan.*

*Adorni* thou art come to see the last  
And greatest of thy Generalls actions,  
Which like a cunning and well mannag'd scene,  
not till the period will disclose the plot  
Of my lifes Tragedy.

*Ador.* Your life my Lord,  
Death dare not venture to invade it, and  
The state as soone will call the enemy  
Into their City, as pretend the least  
Danger to their supporting Columne, which  
Should it but shake, it might dismantl e their  
Best Bulwarkes, burne their Navy, and surrender  
Themselves to present slavery.

*Last.* The Duke,  
Though he did hold his kinsman deere, will value  
The publique good before his private ruine.

*Frang.* Let the Duke doe his worst, and all the state  
Stand on *Pontilios*, I can fetch a Lady  
Of excellent quality shall beg your Lordship,



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

He make her doo't.

*Ador.* Nay, should all fayle you sir,  
Should the States angers, and the Dukes partjall-sentence,  
The peoples malice bandy to surprize  
The treasure of your life; know you have friends  
Would fixe the heads of halfe the Towne upon  
Their Lances poynts, ere your least drop of blood  
Should be diminished.

*Dor.* Gentlemen, I thank you  
All your loves; but know the shape of Death  
Is not ougly to me, but if justice  
Contract me to the monster, I shall court it  
As 'twere some beauteous Bride; and think the Axe  
That like the Priest, unites me to a Spouse  
That will not play the woman and revolt.  
Come Gentle-men let's in, brave soules doe hate,  
To be dejected by the force of Fate. *Exeunt.*

*Actus Quartus.*

*Enter Chrisca, Enrione, Vitelli.*

*Chri.* I Am very sorry that his Fate has cast  
Such a disastrous chance upon his Life:  
But his desert will blunt the edge of justice,  
And mitigate the severity, which would  
Question the safety of his Life.

*Vit.* • Tis in your mercy  
To dash the Lawes' proceedings, gracious Madam,  
The Priviledge that our Country gives your Sexe,  
Can hope for no employment, that will rayse  
A greater Trophee to your fame, then this  
To ransom him, whose constancy and truth  
Exceeds all boast of Stories.

*Enr.* You'l redeeme  
The opinion of your piety, which scandall,  
Should you omit this just and righteous taske,  
Would blast with blackest infamy.

*Chri,*



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

*Chri.* You plead in your owne cause, not his, t' does not befeem  
My modesty to interpose my selfe  
In that which nought concernes me.

*Vir.* Is his life  
Of such a triviall value in your thoughtis,  
That you esteem't not worthy your intreats,  
To sav't from killing, ruine, sacred love,  
Thou miracle of Mature, and delight  
Of all who know humanity with some  
Religious arrow pierce her flinty breast,  
Some pious shaft, on whose subduing point  
Pitty and amorous softnesse gently sit,  
Reduce this straying Schismaticke to the first  
Vnspotted purenesse of her constant faith,  
And we will pay a thousand clouds of sighes,  
As incense to thy Altars.

*Ewr.* Offer up  
Miriads of virgin vowes and with our teares  
Extinguish all irregular flames that taint  
Thy holy fries.

*Vir.* Oh Madam  
What heart so barbarous, does not at loves smiles  
Put off the native fiercenesse, beasts with beasts,  
Observe his lawes; the Lyons whose big breath  
Affrights the trembling people of the woods,  
Were his hoarse accents to be understood,  
They would appeare to be affections groves.  
The Nightingale that on lascivious wings  
Flies from the poplar to the trembling Beech,  
And on each bough chaunts melancholy notes,  
Had he a humane utterance, would proclaime  
Those pensive straines, the musicke of his love;  
And can yee be lesse sensible of a power,  
That is so great, then creatures bard the use  
Of sacred reason, and discourse?

*Chri.* This is to seeke to pacifie the sea  
With teares; *Vitelli* you mistake, your friend  
Values not at so deere a rate his life,



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

As to receive a being tributary  
To my unask'd entreats, besides I should  
Envy the states prerogative, whose mercy  
Is in remitting his unwilling fault,  
But a becomming thankfulness, and should  
Be censur'd, as too partiall to my owne  
Affection should I strive to be his wife,  
Whose hand is purpled with the innocent blood  
Of my late murdered kinsman.

*Eur.* This concernes  
As neerely me as you, but by just truth,  
Though I'me ingag'd by my particular choyce  
To my *Vitelli*, were I sure the Generall  
Would not contemne my offer, and so blast  
My future fame, I would disclaime all eyes  
Of former fancy; and implore his safety.

*Vit.* This is a sweetnesse  
Which I cold with you, what has begot  
This strange desertion of your faith, true love,  
Being once receiv'd into the soule converts  
Into its very essence, does become  
The same eternall substance, can you then  
Teare from the tender Cabinet of your brest  
Your very heart? this cruelty exceeds  
The depth of tyranny, but rest assur'd,  
If *Doria* suffer by your proud contempt,  
I'me freed then from my promise, and will sooner  
Warne an empoysoning *Scorpion* in my armes,  
Then yeeld my meanest thought to you who are  
By evident circumstance, though not by fact,  
My friend the Generalls murderesse.

*Chri* This *Vitelli*  
Is not a meanes to winne me to your friend,  
But more avert me from him, it inflames  
My minde with holier fire to Court your love;  
There is an evident beauty in your soule,  
Equall to truest honor, I will cherish  
This bravery in you, if your masculine fancy



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

Engages you thus constant, to a friend,  
You'l be a loyall husband, fare you well,  
Be still thus noble, and be happy. *Exit.*

*Entr.* My sister  
Has lost all sence of pittie; deere *Vitelli*,  
There is no wretchednesse oppressing earth  
Equall to ours, love thus the Tyrant playes,  
Afflicting innocence by unusuall waies. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Doria as a prisoner, Lantantia, Adorni, to  
them Trivulsi, Senators, Offi-  
cers, and Attendants.*

*Ador.* Tis like your selfe my noble Lord; but see  
The Duke approaching, let your soule expect  
An equall hearing.

*Offic.* Beare backe, roome for the Duke and Senate, what  
Cuckold's that would have his Coxcombe broake? beare backe

*Triv.* Cite in the prisoner. *(there.*

*Offic.* Hee's here my Lord.

*Tri.* I'me sorry that  
You for whose head the gratitude of the state  
Decreed triumphant bayes should be enforc'd  
To stand here a delinquent, but the law  
Must as a streight and uncorrupted streame  
Enjoy its usuall freedome, my Lords,  
We are not met here to arraigne a prisoner,  
Whose guilt does speake his sentence, but a person  
Not only most unblemish'd in his fame,  
But one to whom our country owes its life:  
Who with his dearest blood has balm'd the wounds  
Which michiefes giant-off-springs, rayfing warre,  
Cut in the bosome of the common-wealth.

*Sen.* We all confesse his worth.

*Tri.* Yet this brave youth,  
This patron of our liberty, all his honours,  
His blood and titles, his defensive bayes

That



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

(That would have guarded his victorious front  
From blasts of lightning) laid aside, is come  
To tender satisfaction to the lawes,  
He has offended, and since judgement is  
The immediate act of Justice, it must passe  
To save impartiall censure on his life,  
As on the wretched'st malefactors; for  
His former merits cannot take away  
His present fault; for who ere is guilty  
Vndoes the priviledge of his desert and blood;  
For if great men offending passe unpunish'd,  
The common people who doe use to sinne,  
By their example fearelesse, will runne on  
Into licentious wickednesse.

*Sen.* Your grace delivers  
The intension of the state, no oracle  
Could have explain'd the meaning of our lawes  
With more integrity.

*Tri.* Yet my good Lords,  
I speake not this, that my particular vengeance,  
Because slew he my kinsman, has the least  
Ayme at his life, which I would strive to cherish  
As my owne health, or as the Cities peace,  
For Magistrates ought to behold their crimes,  
Not the committers, as the Poets faine  
Of wise *Tyresias*, to want eyes, and only  
Have seeing understanding, for a iudge  
Is guilty of the fault he does not punish,  
And if rewards and triumphs doe adorne  
Deserts, tis just that shame and punishments  
Should wait on vices, and how much more worthy  
The person is that acts them, so farre sharper  
Should be the penalty inflicted on him.

*Sen.* And when the law  
Vses its utmost rigor, tis the crime,  
And not the man it sentences.

*Tri.* In brieft We must  
Decline his merit, and forget

Our



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

Our gratitude, and since his hand is dipt  
In civill blood, his life must expiat what  
His arme unfortunately committed.

*Dor.* My Lords,  
The services which I have done the state,  
Were but my naturall duty, I atchieved 'em  
To gaine me fame and glory, and you safety, and  
Should esteeme them Traytors to honour, if their intercession  
Be a protection for my crimes, I meane not  
To plead to save a dis-respected life,  
Cause I feare death, a sea incompas'd rocke  
Is not lesse timorous of the assaulting waves,  
Then I of the grimme monster, but there is  
A fame surviving which I would be loath,  
Should tell posterity I tamely yelded  
My head to th' Axe, and dyed because my spirit  
Durst not desire to live to quit this scandall,  
I hope what I can urge in my defence  
Shall have indifferent hearing.

*Tri.* Speake freely.

*Dor.* Know then my intention  
Is not by excuse to extenuate my fact,  
Which I confesse most horrid, and woud pay  
A thousand showers of sorrow, could this hand  
Reedifie that goodly fram of flesh  
Which it demolisht, but my pricelesse fame,  
In whose deere cause I slew him, will to justice  
Boldly proclaime, I did no more then what  
The truth I owe my reputation tells me,  
Was right in poynt of honor.

*Tri.* But the law  
Does disallow it as unjust, and that  
Must be your judge, and not that idle breath  
Which you abusively terme honor.

*Dor.* Your lawes cannot without partiality pronounce  
Judgement against me, for they doe acquit  
That man of guilt that to defend his life  
Is forc'd to slay his enemy; my act



*The Ladies priviledge.*

Carries the same condition, since my fame,  
Whose safety urg'd me to kill him, is my life,  
My immortall life, as farre transcending this  
As the soule does the body, for the sword,  
Returns that to its primitive matter dust,  
And there it rests forgotten, but a wound  
Strucke upon reputation, leaves a brand,  
So selfe diffusive is dishonors guilt,  
Even to posterity, and does revive  
After t'has sufferd martyrdome.

*Sen.* Yet this  
Cannot excuse your fact, for civill reason  
Allows a reparation for the losse  
Of fame, but gives no man a lawfull licence  
To snatch the priviledge from the hands of justice,  
Which would dispose it equally.

*Dor.* This strictnesse destroyes all  
Right of manhood, since a coward  
May fearefully relying on this sufferage  
Of Law affront even valors selfe, consider  
That the most cunning Pilot cannot steere mans  
Brittle vessell 'twixt these dangerous Rocks  
Of law and honor safely, sayle by this,  
And on that suffer shipwraeke, for suppose  
I had with patience borne this scandalous name  
Of a degenerate coward, I not only had  
Nip'd the budding valor of my youth,  
As with a killing frost, but left a shame inherent  
To our family, disgrac'd  
My noble fathers memory, defam'd  
Nay cowarded my Ancestors, whose dust,  
Would 'a broke through the Marbles, to revenge  
To me this fatall infamy.

*Ador.* Well urg'd, and resolutely.

*Dor.* Nay more, your selves  
That hate the deed being done, would have detested  
The doer worse had it not beene perform'd  
Withdrawne my chardge ith' army, as from one

Protested,



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

Protested for a coward, I might then  
Have abjur'd the trade of warre, in which I have beene nurs'd,  
Yet for preserving this unvalued jemme  
Of pretious honour that hangs on my soule,  
Like a well polish'd Jewell in the care,  
Of the exactest beauty, must I suffer  
The lawes sterne rigor.

*Tri.* Sir I should refute  
With circumstance your wrong opinion, but in briebe,  
Religious conscience, utterly disclaimes  
An act so barbarous to take mans life,  
Is to destroy Heavens Image, and if those  
Are held as Traytors, and the law inflicts  
Severest tortures on them, who deface  
The stamps of Princes in their coyne, can they appeare,  
As guiltlesse whose rude hands disgrace  
The great Creators Image, and commit  
Treason 'gainst awfull nature; Oh my Lord  
Collect your serious temper, and put off  
The over weening fantasies of youth,  
Consider what a vaine deluding breath  
Is reputation, if compar'd with life,  
Thinke that an idle, or detracting word  
May by a faire submission (which our lawes  
Of honor doe require it will enforce)  
Be wash'd away, but the red guilt of blood  
Sticks as a blacke infection to the soule,  
That like an *Aethiop* cannot be wash'd white, *A shout Within.*  
Thinke upon this, and know I must with griefe *Enter Corimba*  
pronounce your fatall sentence. — *and Frangipan.*

*Fran.* Doe you heare Generall, He tell you newes, you were in  
Iopardy to have had your little weason slit; but I pronounce  
The happy word, be safey his peece of beauty,  
By my perswasions does intend to rake  
The edge of law off, and become your wife,  
True and inseparable.

*Cor.* With reverence to this presence, my good Lords,  
Know that I come not urg'd by heate of youth.



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

*Fran.* Tis true Ile beare her witnesse.

*Cor.* Or any wanton or unchast desire  
To beg this gentleman for my husband, neither  
To raise my selfe a fortune by the match,  
But mov'd in charity, and provok'd in minde,  
With pittie to behold a man so proper,  
Brought to an end untimely, by a death  
So scandalous to honour as the Axe,  
I come to crave our priviledge, and desire him  
For my most lawfull husband.

*Tri.* Gentle mayd

Your piety does prompt you to an act  
That shall engage your country to erect  
A statue to your memory, though I could not  
Dispencc with justice, yet since there's a meanes  
Without the lawes infringement, to preserve him,  
I doe rejoyce as much as if my sonne  
Had scap'd apparant danger: goe on and prosper  
In your designe.

*Dor.* Doe you thinke because I pleaded  
For my honours life,  
I doate so much upon this idle breath,  
As to preserv't with infamy, dispose  
This womanish priviledge to submissive slaves,  
Know that I hate a being that depends  
Upon anothers bounty more then death,  
At which my soule does, like an Eagle stretch its  
Silver wings, and ore the monsters head  
Will make flight at heaven; pray sir proceed:  
To judgement suddenly, delay begets  
More tortors in me then your sentence.

*Cor.* What doe you meane sir, pray let me understand you  
Better, looke upon me, I am no woman to be slighted.

*Fra.* She's not a sham'd to shew her face, marry her Uncle, that  
I may call you so.

*Sen.* To wed this figure, is a farre greater punishment then  
Death.

*Ador.* Nere stand on tearmes, but marry her, and free your  
selfe.



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

selfe, and trust to me, you shall not want a mistresse has better colours in her face.

*Dor. Corimba,*

I'me much engag'd to your officious haste,  
And pay you many thanks, conceive not that  
I doe contemne your person or dislike  
The meannesse of your match, for were your beauty  
Created for a miracle, and adorn'd  
With the addition of a fortune ampler,  
Then that perfection, I should crave a licence  
To tell your modesty I am prepar'd  
Rather for death then Nuptials, and no strength  
Of prayers and beauty, shall have power to tempt me  
From my fixt resolution.

*Tri.* This is madnesse not courage *Doria.* (rightly,

*Cor.* Sir I must tell you, you know not how to use a woman  
Perhaps tis bashfulnesse, take courage sir,  
I have reserv'd my deere virginity  
This fifty yeares for such a pious purpose,  
And should you slight me now, I should forswear  
Good purposes hereafter: gentlemen perswade him,  
Sure he cannot chuse but melt  
At your entreaties.

*Tri* Will you then pull your ruine on; that seeks  
Thus easily to flye from you; Justice calls  
On me to give your sentence — new interruptions  
It is the voyce of musicke, and presages  
An Omen as harmonious as its notes,  
Approach faire troops of Virgins, here's subject,  
Fit for your maiden pity.

*Cor.* Tis time for mee to take my farewell, these may bee  
beauties, perhaps my Lady may bee one, adiew sir; you may be  
offer'd worse.

*Sab.* My honour'd Lord,  
The charity I owe my native country,  
That in the ruine of this brave young man,  
Would suffer infinitely, has forc'd us strive  
With carely zeale first to present our duties



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

For his redemption, 'mong ten thousand Virgins  
That would attempt it, and my true affection  
Has wonne this favour from my fellowes, that  
To me they yield their interest, which I claime  
As my desir'd prerogative.

*Trs.* Tis an act the State will thanke you for; unvaile your selfe,  
That we may know to whom we owe our gratitude,  
A most excellling beauty, such an eye  
Would tempt religious coldnesse to a flame,  
Thaw Ages chilly frost, at such a cheek  
The Spring might take a patterne to create,  
A most accomplish'd freshnesse; in her looks,  
Are modest signes of innocence, such as Saints  
Weare in their liveliest counterfeits: *Doria*, here  
A Lady begs you, whom if you refuse,  
The times would blacke you with the hatefull title  
Of your owne wilfull murther; take her to you  
And live a fortunate husband.

*Dor.* Noble maid, my misery is so extreame a sinne,  
It cannot meet your bounty without breach  
Of vowes; which should I violate, would pull  
Eternall torments on me; keep your beauty  
For one whose soule, free as the ayre he breaths,  
Can yield a mutuall fancy to your flame,  
And not destroy his honour, for your goodnesse  
Since my expir'd date, cannot yield you thanks  
Worthy the boundlesse merit of your love,  
If there can be a gratitude after death  
Express'd by prayers, my soule in heaven shall pay it  
To your kind charity.

*Sab.* Oh my Lord,  
I did expect this answer, my poore worth  
Cannot deserve your value; yet there is  
A constant purity in my thoughts, that intend you  
So much of Blisse, that had your safety no  
Dependance on my suit, it would be deem'd  
Most cruell to contemne me, I have lov'd you  
Those many yeares; wish'd you as many glories



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

As I have number'd dayes, have vow'd I never  
Will marry any man, but your blest selfe my Lord,  
Should you neglect the justnesse of my request,  
Besides the danger waiting on your life,  
A thousand Virgins, whose unspotted prayers  
Like hosts of guardian Angels, would have borne  
You on their wings to heaven, will for my sake  
Convert their zeale to curses, and in teares  
Of anguish drowne your memory.

*Vit.* Why friend, this is  
Such an o're-weening passion, as does question  
The soundnesse of your judgement, fills the world  
With a conceit you dye; because your feares  
Dare not accept of life: Besides your Mistris,  
To whom you would so strictly keepe your faith,  
Does so much scorne your constancy, that no  
Entreats could move her pittie undertake  
This honourable imployment.

*Tri.* Doe it with speedy diligence.

*Dor.* Her causelesse frailty  
Shall more confirme my truth:  
My Noble Lord pronounce  
My happy sentence, 'twill be welcome to me  
As charming harmony, and swell my brest  
With more than humane pleasure.

*Enter Priest &  
Executioner.*

*Tri.* Are you come? approach,  
Behold this Executioner, and this Priest,  
This is to wed you to destruction, that  
To this rich Mine of purity: your choyse  
May accept either: if you fixe on this,  
Besides your owne redemption, you enjoy  
A Lady, who may clayme as many hearts  
As she has vertuous thoughts; but leane to that,  
Your Spring returnes unpittyed, to the rude  
Armes of perpetuall winter, that will freeze you  
To a ne're melting Isicle, be suddaine,  
And wise in your election.

*Dor.* Tis but vaine: a Saint may sooner be o're-come to sell  
His native Pietie: come thou grim man, Thou



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

Thou art to me more lovely then the face of perfect  
Beauty : Do thy office, it will free me  
From these perplexities.

*Sab.* Well my Lord,  
Since I'm unworthy to enjoy in life  
Your faire society, my soule shall hast  
To waite on you to death, there is no blisse  
Without your presence, since you will not have  
Mercy on your owne life, by your example  
Ile be as harsh to mine, Ile goe  
Before you to the other world,  
And be your lov'd Ghosts Harbenger.

*Tri.* Hold, hold the Lady —

*Sab.* Let no hand presume to seize me,  
For the meanest touch that shall  
Endeavour to prevent my will  
Shall urge my speedier ruine : Good my Lord,  
Shall I have answer ? I would fayne be going  
On my long journey.

*Dor.* I'm confounded  
In my imagination, I must yield,  
You have enforc'd a benefit upon me, I  
Can hardly thank you for, yet I will try  
To love you as my wife ; that I were lost  
In Clouds of black forgetfulnesse.

*Tri.* My Lord,  
Your pardon's seal'd as soone as by the Priest  
You are conjoyn'd in marriage :  
Ile not leave you  
Till't be solemniz'd, Hymen light thy Pine,  
Deaths tapers fade at the cleare flame of thine.

*Exeunt.*

*The end of the fourth Act.*

**A C T.**



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

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**Actus Quintus.**

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*Enter Trivulci, Doria, Sabelli, Adorni, Priest  
and Virgins.*

*Tri.* **I**S the Priest prepar'd  
For his Hymne after Nuptialls, and the virgins  
Ready to gratulate the Bride, and Bridegroom  
With the appoynted dance?

*Ador.* The Priest I thinke  
Has the song perfect, but it is a question  
Among the wisest, whether in the City  
There be seven Virgins to be found to furnish *Recorders.*  
The dance as't should be; but you must accept them  
With all their faults; this musicke speaks their entrance.

*Enter Virgins.*

*Song.*

**T***Riumphe appeare, Hymen invites  
Thee to wait upon this feast,  
Mixe thy joyes with his delights,  
'Tis the Generall is chiefe guest.  
Bid the Drumme not leave to teach,  
The Souldiers fainting heart to beate,  
Nor warres loud musicke Canon cease,  
Breasts with deathfull fire to beate.*

*H*

*Thy*



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

*Thy waving Ensignes in the aire display,  
The Generall lives, tis triumphes Holyday;  
Come bright vertues that reside  
In heaven, as in your proper spheare,  
Though all contain'd in the faire bride,  
Chastity doe thou first appear,  
With Temperance and innocent grace,  
Rose-colour'd Modesty and truth,  
Dance harmlesse measures in this place,  
With health, and a perpetuall youth:  
And all your Virgin Trophies bring away,  
To grace these Nuptialls, Triumphs Holyday.*

*A Dance.*

*Tri.* You have our hearty thanks, and we shal study  
To give you faire requitall; come my Lord  
Erect your drowfie spirits, let your soule  
Dance ayry measures in your jocund breast;  
This is a day on which each Bridegroom ought  
To weare no earth about him; ayre and fire  
Are *Hymens* proper elements, your mirth  
Ought to infuse into your frolicke guests,  
An humour apt for revelling and sport:  
Your disposition is more dull, than if  
You were to be chiefe mourner at a Coarse:  
For shame shake off this sadnesse.

*Ador.* It becomes you to say truth scurvily, I doe not like it,  
You looke as if y'ad lost some victorie,  
Of which your hope had an assurance: Shall I tell your Lordship  
A very pleasant story? *Enter Viells.*

*Dor.* It must be, if it be delightfull to me, a discourse  
Of some quicke meanes to free me from this cruell  
Oppressive weight of flesh, which does entombe  
My martyr'd soule, that like to sulphury fire  
Hid in a Mountains entrayles, strives to burst  
The prison, and flye upwards, it must needs



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

Be a sad wedding, when the Bridegroom weares  
His Nuptiall livery on his eyes in teares.

*Vit.* Friend, this is  
A passion too effeminate for a heart  
Endu'd with manly courage; things past helpe  
Should be past thought, your sadnesse casts a Cloud  
Upon the lustre of this Ladyes looks,  
You make her dimme the brightnesse of her eyes  
With unbecomming teares, if you continue  
This strange distraction.

*Sab.* Alas my Lord,  
Let me participate your cause of sorrow,  
And be a willing partner in your griefe,  
Which like a violent Current that o're-flowes  
The neighbouring fields and medowes in its rage,  
Into two streames divided, smoothly runnes,  
Kissing with calme lips the imprisoning banks,  
Would, though too mighty for you, when my soule  
Should vent a part of it, be milde, and passe  
Away without disturbance of your peace,  
Which to procure I would even burst my heart  
With sighes devoted to your quiet, and  
Become a loving fountaine by my teares  
I shed without intermission.

*Der.* Gentle Lady,  
I am at such an enmity with fate,  
Makes me incapable of ought but griefe,  
But I shall study to declare how much  
I am indebted to your care — good heaven  
Send downe some Angell to protect my heart,  
Or my religion will scarce stay my hand,  
For acting wilfull violence on my life,  
I have suckt poyson from her eyes, that will  
Like to juyce of Hemlocke drowne my soule  
In a forgetfull Lethargy, or oppresse  
My temperate faculties with madnesse.

*Tri.* Cosen y'are welcome, know this vertuous Lady

*Enter Eurione,  
Chrisea, Corim.  
Lar. & Bon.*



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

Who has redeem'd the Generall.

*Chri.* Sir, ime come to gratulate your beauteous bride, and wish you joyes immortall.

*Sab.* I hope Madam, my innocence has gi'n you no offence, That you refuse me, being a stranger to you, The Ceremonious wishes, which pertaine To new made Brides, and onely doe conferre them Vpon my Lord.

*Chri.* Your happinesse already Is so superlative, I cannot thinke A new addition to it, you enjoy The very summe of fortune in your match, To such a noble and illustrious husband. I no longer can hold my passion in, These walls of flesh are not of Strength sufficient to contayne My big swolne heart : My Lords behold a creature So infinitely wretched, I deserve not The meanest shew of pittie, who have, like A silly merchant, trised away a jemme, The darling of the quarry, lost a love By my too foolish nicenesse, to regaine Whose forfeiture I would lay downe my life : But he is gone for ever, and I left A pittious spectacle for the reproach And scorne of wiser women.

*Eur.* Is this possible ? Was all her passion to *Vitelli* feign'd ? My hopes recover life agen.

*Tri.* Why *Chrissea*, Whence springs this passionate fury ?

*Chri.* Oh my Lord, When you shall heare it, you will sigh for me, And shed a charitable teare, at thought Of my unkinde disaster : for my Justice Cannot accuse your constancy, which stood In the first tryall of your love, as fast

And



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

And spotlesse as an Alablaster rocke,  
That had it but persisted in that height  
Of honourable loyalty, your glory  
Had been advanc'd to heaven, as the fix't starre,  
To guid all lovers through the rough  
Seas of affection.

*Uit.* This taxation  
Cannot be just from you, who did enforce  
The sad revolt upon him.

*- Dor.* Is there in heaven no friendly  
Boult left that will strike this frame into  
The center, and set free a wretch  
(So overgrowne with misery) from life,  
That death would be a comfort above health,  
Or any worldly blessing, may time blot my name out  
Of his Booke, that such a Prodigy  
May not affright succession, nor sticke  
Like an orespreading Leprosie upon  
The beautilous face of manhood.

*Cbri.* Oh my Lord, each grieve of which  
Y'are sensible, is mine, and not your  
Torment, every sigh you breath is an  
Afflicting motion, expir'd by my vext  
Spirit, and if you could weepe, each drop  
Would be my blood, who am the spring  
Of the whole flood of sorrow; oh forgive  
The too exceeding honor of my love, I would  
Have had you for your perfect truth so glorious;  
Your loyalty should not for  
Preservation of your fame, have needed  
To adopt a statue for its heire, or builded a  
Monumentall pyramid, but love  
Is oft times loves undoing.

*Tri.* This is such  
A cunning labyrinth of  
Sorrow, that no clew  
Can lead them out of.



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

*Dor.* It would be  
A great affront to misery, should there live  
A person halfe so wretched to out-dare  
The strength of my affliction, me thinkes  
I me like some aged mountaine that has stood  
In the seas watry bosome, thousand shocks  
Of threatning tempests, yet by th' flattering waves,  
That cling and curle about his stony limbes,  
Is underminde and ruind, I have scap'd  
Warres, killing, dangers, and by peacefull love,  
Suffer a strange subversion, Oh *Chrisea*,  
While I have reason left that can distinguish  
Things with a coole and undistracted sence,  
Let's argue mildly the unhappy cause  
Of our undoings.

*Eur.* Truly sister,  
'Twas a suspicious rashnesse, I could wish  
You never had attempted.

*Chri.* My Lord,  
Humane condition alwaies censures things  
By their event, my aimes have had successe  
So strangely haplesse, that will blast the truth  
Of their intentions purity, I never  
Harbor'd the least suspicion of your faith,  
Which I did strive to perfect, by the test,  
As richest gold refine, and purg'd  
From drosse of other baser metals, and besides  
The triall of your constancy, I meant  
To sound *Vitellies* depth; upon whose love  
My sister doted, so that I was loath  
To see her cast the treasure of her heart  
Upon a stranger, of whose constancy  
She had too small assurance.

*Tri.* Gentle Cosen,  
Your good intents encounter'd bad successe,  
But I admire, since you must needs have notice  
Of his disaster, that the law would passe

Upon



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

Upon his life, you did not to prevent  
All other virgin intercessors haste  
To pay the early tribute of your love.

*Chri.* My wretched fate  
With a too quicke prevention has orethrowne  
The justnesse of my purpose,  
I relyed so much upon his noblenesse, I thought  
The ugly horror of a thousand deaths  
Could not have mov'd his temper, and besides,  
Knowing his mighty courage, I permitted  
The law proceed upon him, that hereafter  
He might be sure no merit can appease  
Offended justice, otherwise I could  
Easily have stop'd this mischief. *Enter Bonivet.*

*Tri.* How *Chriseas*? I understand you not.

*Chri.* Lady, to quit all scruple that I doe not wish  
Yours and your Lords succeeding happinesse, Ile offer  
Something as an oblation that shall adde  
Peace to your nuptiall garland (see my Lord)  
My Cosen *Bonivet* lives.

*Tri.* Lives? *Laelantio* did not you informe us  
That he was dead, and you had caus'd his body  
To be prepar'd for funerall? which occasioned  
The Generalls suddaine tryall, because our custome  
Does not permit the corpes to be entomb'd,  
Before the murderer have his sentence, sir you shall know  
What tis to mocke the state thus.

*Lael.* Good my Lord  
Heare but my just excuse, I am so much the faire  
*Chriseas* beauty's by such ties  
Oblig'd to serve her, that I choose to hazzard  
The anger of the state ere her displeasure,  
And doe submit me to your gracious censure.

*Chri.* I must confirm't,  
Sir it was I who caus'd him to conceale  
My Cosen *Bonivet*, for the causes which  
I did declare before, and now my selfe

Having



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

Having receiv'd a satisfying prooffe  
Of his affection, came resolv'd to cleare  
These misty errors, but my cruell fate  
Has like a suddaine storme which has beate downe  
A goodly field of standing Corne even ripe  
For the laborious sickle, crush'd my hopes  
In one sad minute into nothing.

*Sab.* My Lord I owe  
Such an obedient duty to your peace,  
That though my heart does wish to waite on yours  
For ever ; since I see betwixt this Lady  
And you such firme apparences of love,  
If the law please to allow it, I resigne  
My interest to her and be fortunate  
To see you two live happy.

*Vit.* Since the marriage  
Has not arriv'd to consummating act,  
I doe beleeeve this may be done.

*Tri.* Doe not delude  
Your favour with vaine hopes, the law cannot  
Dispense with the strict Cannon, tis impossible  
You should be separated.

*Dor.* This happinesse  
Was too extreame good to be confirm'd  
To such a wretch as I am : I am like  
One that did dreame of a huge masse of wealth,  
And catching at it, grasp'd the fleeting ayre,  
And waking grieves at the delusion.

*Sab.* Sir resume your antient quiet, the formall  
Love shall not oppose your peace, He disanull  
The marriage easily, and most noble Lord  
Pardon your humble servant.

*Dor.* Sure this is  
Some apparition to confirme my faith,  
Speake, art thou my *Sabelli*.

*Vit.* Yes tis he, fate would not suffer two such  
Noble soules to be so disunited, gentle boy,

Thy



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

Thy duty to thy Master will continue,  
Thy name in story, as the great example  
Of loyalty in servants.

*Sab.* 'Twas the zeale I ought in duty to my Mrs. life;  
Hath put me on the attempt, which if he pardon,  
I'me fully satisfied.

*Dor.* My joyes does with a suddain extasie oppresse  
My fraile mortality, and J should sinke,  
Wert not for my supporters, my *Sabelli*,  
Thou hast restor'd two lovers to their blisse,  
Whose gratitude shall pay to thy desert  
The tribute of their hearts : Deare Madam, now  
I hope your scrupulous doubts will remaine free  
From any new suspicion.

*Chri.* Since I have scap'd the danger past, beleeve ile avoyd  
The like hereafter ; my Lord please you confirme  
My choyse ; and let my sister be dispos'd  
To good *Vstelli*, he deserves her.

*Tri.* Your wishes are fulfilld, Cosen *Bonivet* welcome to life  
Agen ; you and the Generall must be friends.

*Dor.* Your goodnesse will pardon my misfortune ?

*Bon.* And desire to be esteem'd your servant.

*Enter Frangipan.*

*Fran.* With your leave gentlemen : Madam I have such newes  
to tell you, as will tickle your understanding, to beleeve the Ge-  
nerall is married ; and more, Signior *Doria*, Lord *Bonivet* lives ;  
That's lucky newes for you.

*Dor.* He's here, good Signior *Frangipan*.

*Fran.* My newes has ever the worst lucke ; J must resolve to  
leave it off.

*Ador.* But sir J have some suddaine newes to tell you :  
The thousand Ducats you contracted to pay me,  
When you could understand the French as perfectly  
As my selfe ; by all these Lords indifferent judgement is  
Due on this very minute.

*Fran.* This is newes indeed ; you do not mean to make a gul of  
me, a figo for a thousand Ducats : as J am a gentleman I know not  
French for any thing, not for an Ass: good your grace let mee  
not be abus'd.

J

*Cor.*



*The Ladies Priviledge.*

*Cor.* 'Twas I my Lord who made the bargaine with him,  
The mony is not due untill my Cozen  
Have French as perfect as himselfe.

*Dor.* He has, ile beare him witnesse; for *Adorni*  
Speakes not one true French word.

*Fran.* How not one true French Word?

*Ador.* No not a word, you must disburse.

*Fran.* Tutor, ile tell you newes,  
You made a foole of mee,  
I could abuse him horribly,  
If I durst for feare of beating.

*Ador.* My Lord  
If he will undertake warres,  
Ile quit my bargayne.

*Fran.* Ile pay it trible first, the name of warre  
Has brought an age on me.

*Tri.* You two agree that: Cozens Ire joyce  
To see this happy period of your loves.  
Let's backe unto the Temple, that the Priest  
May by his sacred power unite your hearts.  
Lead to the Temple.

**The**





## The Epilogue.

*Frangipan.*

**G**entlemen, Ile tell you Newes, the Play is done,  
And he that writ it betwixt hope and Feare  
Stands pensive in the Tying-house to heare  
Your Censures of his Play : Good Gentlemen  
Let it be kind, or otherwise his Pen  
Will write but dully, for he needs must lacke  
If you disprays'e't the quickning Spirit of Sacke  
To inflame his Genius, which you'le ever find  
Devoted to you, if your Votes be kind.

F I N I S.

